Things which are not of God. In wide
And devious coverts, hunter-wise,
He coucheth Time's unhasting stride.
Following, following, him whose eyes
J 'x>k. not to Heaven. For all is vain,
The pulse of the heart, the plot of the brain,
That strivcth beyond the laws that live.
And is thy Faith so much to give,
Is it so hard a thing to see,
That the Spirit of God, whatever it be,
The Law that abides and changes not, ages long,
The Eternal and Nature-born—these things be strong?

What else is Wisdom f What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace so lovely and so great ?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever ?

LEADER.

Happy lie, on the weary sea
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven,
Happy whoso hath risen, free,
Above his striving. For strangely graven
Is the orb of life, that one and another
In gold and power may outpass his brother*
And men in their millions float and flow
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven ;
And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pined for still;
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That To Live is happy, hath found his Heaven *I*